

IS WOMAN'S VANITY A TRAIT OF SAVAGERY?

The Interesting Question Raised by a College Professor

The Bird of Paradise



Slaughtering Seals for Fashion's Fancy

IS WOMAN a savage?

On the eve of the season when lovely woman calls to her aid all the most alluring adjuncts of her charms, from the fascinating plumes that enhance the crowning glory of her hair to the miraculously soft furs in which her gentle soul delights, there has come along a churlish old cynic who, blind to the witchery of her graces and insensible to the yielding temptations of her fall and winter trappings, brutally declares that, on the evidence of those very fashions, she is to be convicted of murder in the first degree, with no recommendation to mercy whatever.

The cynical brute is Professor Frederick Starr, of the Chicago University.

"Woman's fondness for evidences of slaughter and bloodshed repeatedly shows itself in the ornaments she wears."

There it is, in black and white, just as he said it.

Is it—can it be true?

Well, the Audubon Society and the ghosts of pretty nearly all the wild birds and beasts that have perished lately are ready to back him up.

But it is awfully hard to believe, isn't it?

AS FOR Professor Starr, it was not a chance remark of his that started the rumpus over woman's vanity afresh this season. He was out on the fashionable warpath and he meant business. He rips right along:

"Women still love to load themselves with the pelts of seals and minks and lynxes. The more realistic fact of death is made the better, on the whole, the woman seems to be suited. The head of the killed animal adds to the attractiveness of many of these trophy decorations. The wearing of feathers and breasts of birds is an example of woman's fondness for bright colors, a characteristic trait of the savages."

The cost of woman's ornaments to the animal kingdom in massacre. Whole species have been exterminated in the interest of fashion, and others have been so badly depleted that it would not take much to wipe them out also.

Every skin means the death of some beautiful animal, and in many cases, the death of its young from the consequent neglect.

Every year about this time beautiful woman begins to look around for furs in which to deck herself out during the fall and winter. In all the fashionable shops are displayed beautiful furs, soft to the touch and proof against the chilly blasts of winter. Gaudy feathers, delicate plumes and aligettes are mingled in profusion.

To procure these ornaments men scour the uttermost corners of the earth, braving all manner of hardships, and even death. Often the woman wonders why a particular pelt or plume costs so much. The reason is that, in order to satisfy her whim for gaudy decoration, some animal has been so rigorously hunted that the species has become almost extinct. Every skin means the death of some beautiful creature, and nearly every plume means one member the less in the feathered tribe.

FLORIDA IS RAVAGED

A striking and pitiful example of this destruction may be found in our own state of Florida. About fifty years ago, before tourists and hunters began to arrive there in such numbers, Florida was a veritable animal paradise.

Along the course of any stream was to be found a rare picture. Flocks of snow-white heron, winged birds, full of grace and brilliant of plumage, winged their way in noisy flight or rested in peace amid the thick foliage of the banks. Hundreds of alligators could be seen swimming lazily along in the tepid water, while others dozed in the muddy nooks along the bank. Every corner seemed endowed with life.

Today what a change! Animals and birds which were formerly so numerous are now scarcely to be found.

That we might have skins for pocketbooks and handbags, the alligators have been driven to a last stand in Big Cypress swamp and the Everglades. The gorgeous heron family has almost disappeared. As late as 1890 there were large rookeries of the birds along the west coast of Florida. A few years later all that could be found there was piles of dead and decaying bird bodies, and a price had been set on the head of every heron with plumes.

Other plume birds, such as ibises and spoonbills, and even sandpeeps, plovers, turnstones, terns, gulls and owls, were slaughtered for the millinery trade. Several species of terns, until recently found in abundance in Florida and along the Atlantic coast, have been completely exterminated.

The same conditions prevail everywhere, for the demands of the millinery trade are not confined to any particular bird or animal or to any single state. Once a bird becomes fashionable it is practically doomed to destruction, for the species is killed off much faster than it can breed.

Many are the animals and birds which, wounded by the hunter's gun or mangled in a trap, escape for the time being only to die painfully in some hidden covert. These, although available for use, are seldom, if ever, found before they have decayed.

The one redeeming feature about the millinery



For Every Heron Plume a Beautiful Bird Dies

trad. as that, at present, ostrich feathers are used considerably in the decoration of hats. The ostrich has been domesticated successfully and may be shorn of its plumage at certain intervals without the customary slaughter.

In the Salt river valley of Arizona are extensive acres of rich land where the cattle are now being crowded out by the encroachment of the ostrich, and it is likely that in the future, many of the ostrich plume ornaments will come from that locality. There are now about 4000 ostriches in America. While there are several hundred of them on farms in California

Arkansas and Florida, the majority are to be found in Arizona.

Ostriches were first brought into that state by Josiah Hobert, in 1837.

Of the sixteen birds he shipped from California all but three died on the way. With this small beginning the industry has increased until there are now a number of large farms there.

The ostriches are bred and cared for just as chickens are raised elsewhere. After the early stages they live entirely on alfalfa, at very small cost and immense profit to the owners. The average bird lives as long as a human being. It begins to give feathers when 10 months old, and after that age does so once every year. The female has only a few white plumes. About twenty-five feather sockets are found in each wing, and it is from these that most of the plumes are clipped. The ostrich is not a very pretty bird to look at, for the legs and neck are perfectly bare; all the adornment is found on the body itself.

The busy part of ostrich farming comes in when the feather crop is to be harvested. The older birds are rather hard to handle, so a bag is placed over the head of each one as it comes up to be clipped, and the bird is then forced into a small stall. With no room to move and no chance to see anything, the ostrich soon quiets down and the feathers are easily cut off. After being put through a finishing process the plume makes an ornament not easily surpassed in beauty.

The industry has also assumed large proportions in Africa, about \$7,000,000 worth of raw feathers being exported from that country annually. The African variety, however, is not as fine as that of Arizona.

In pitiful contrast with the ostrich plume industry appears the most cruel and heartless feature of the whole quest for feminine ornaments: the murderous quest of the charming heron plumes. These plumes make the beautiful white aligettes of delicate texture, that can be employed to trim a picture hat or to set off a jeweled corsage for the opera. No ornament is dearer to the feminine heart than the aligette, and no ornament is a more crying example of the fashionable woman's cruelty and cold-bloodedness in her desire to beautify herself.

Every heron plume means the death of a noble bird and the starvation of its nest of young. The only heron plumes of value grow at hatching time

and are the bird's emblem of motherhood. As the herons nest in colonies it is an easy matter to catch them on the breeding grounds and kill them. This is done soon after the eggs are laid or right after they are hatched. The birds are beautiful creatures, measuring about three feet in height and about six feet from the tip of one wing to the other. They are snow-white in color. When cornered the long, sharp bill and immense claws are formidable weapons, but avail nothing against the rifle bullet.

It takes the heron about three weeks to hatch out its eggs, and about the same time elapses before the young are able to venture out of the nest on their unstable legs. During this time the white plume grows.

Such great destruction has been wrought upon the heron to obtain these plumes that the bird is now very rare. Before the young can have a chance to mature and perpetuate the species they are left to die by the taking off of the mother bird. In a short while the stately heron will probably be only a memory.

Seals were being so swiftly exterminated to answer the demand for their skins as coat-making material that all governments have united for their protection. But their numbers are all too few on the eve of the revival of the sealskin at fashion's bloody behest.

The principal seal fisheries are on the islands and ice floes of Bering sea. These fisheries, acquired from Russia by the purchase of Alaska, have furnished an immense income yearly. Owing to the depredations of poachers, who in their haste have not hesitated to skin the animals alive, they are fast disappearing. All the safeguards the authorities have been able to give these intelligent and beautiful animals have failed to balk the butchers' greed when milady lifted so much as her little finger to hint her wishes.

HUNDREDS RISK THEIR LIVES

Another fishery, which has been known longer and has shown greater vitality, is the one off Newfoundland and Labrador. The seal fishing on the ice floes there is much more dangerous than elsewhere. For that reason the seals there have thrived more numerous. During the sealing season hundreds of men risk their lives on the floes, and the ships are in constant danger of being ripped in the ice and broken up.

It is a rare good chance for the hunters when, in this frozen sea, a herd is found, because the mothers have come up on the ice with their young, while the males swim around in search of food. The difficulties of ferreting out the herds, and the perils encountered in pursuit, are so enormous that they would baffle mankind if woman didn't believe that sealskins are indispensable to happiness.

Some years ago there was also a seal rookery on Sable island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, but in a short time all the stock there had been wiped out.

The species with which the alligator has been converted into leather has almost vanished, too, yet the gator is one of the largest reptiles known, as well as one of the longest-lived and most prolific.

In the water he is quite speedy, but on land most cumbersome. He is usually hunted at night with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern. When the light is flashed in the creature's face he is helpless, and it is a simple matter to club him over the head and skin the carcass. The skins, when tanned, make excellent covers for such articles as pocketbooks, handbags, trunks, purses, and even books and chairs.

In order to save the species from absolute annihilation several alligator farms have been established. The largest of these is at Hot Springs, Ark., and another is at St. Augustine, Fla.

The Hot Springs farm is run by H. J. Campbell, the son of an English army officer, and he is known as "Alligator Joe." The establishment occupies several acres and in it are from 800 to 900 specimens, ranging in size from tiny babies to magnificent bulls sixteen to eighteen feet long. Many of the baby alligators are sold as pets. The young ones are usually hatched out in incubators and have to be kept apart from the older reptiles, for the alligator is an inveterate cannibal. Mr. Campbell has been very successful in breeding the reptiles.

PELTS GROW SCARCER

Today the bulk of the furs used in our trade come from the great Northwest. The business amounts to millions of dollars yearly, and in some sections the methods of trapping are still as primitive as in the days of the Astors. At St. Paul, the center of the trade in America, millions of costly skins are brought down from the trading camps of the North and converted into material for garments of wonderful variety for the woman of fashion. Here may be found the precious pelts of the otter, beaver, sable, mink, fisher, coon and lynx.

Never has the passion for securing these rare pelts been more evident than now. Persons of wealth and fashion bestow as much care on the selection of fine furs as they do on their jewelry.

To provide all these ornaments millions of animals are sacrificed on the altar of fashion each year. The number of species practically exterminated during the nineteenth century is appalling. So great has been the slaughter that, owing to the endeavors of such organizations as the Audubon Society, governments in civilized countries have taken drastic steps to preserve the rarer game. It is now illegal to hunt certain animals at all, and others must not be molested during breeding time.

It is hard for Professor Starr to understand this penchant of woman's for arraying herself in the garb of the animal kingdom at such a cost of life.

When the human race was in the early stage of development cloth was unknown and the skins of animals were naturally the only things available to protect the body from the rigors of winter.

Then, too, man was a hunter and subsisted solely by the fortunes of the chase. The primary consideration was the obtaining of food. After that it was only domestic economy to use the skin for clothing.

But vanity seems to have got in its line work from the start. The beautiful furs and feathers a woman had in her wardrobe gave evidence of her husband's ability and prowess in stocking the familyarder.

In our own day, when the head of the house is no longer compelled to go forth into the woods and hunt for his meal, the wearing of such finery becomes the veriest badge of vanity. The idea of killing a creature in cold blood simply because its fur is soft and pretty, or because it happens to possess a particularly gaudy and attractive feather, is not now founded in any necessity whatever.

This, at least, is the unsparing way in which Professor Starr and all other cynics are seeing woman's dearest adjuncts to her beauty.

Will she ever see them that way, the fascinating little savages?

The KANSAS WOMAN Who Became a JUDGE

IN KANSAS, where courageous Governor Hoch keeps up all circulations, including his own, by doing something original twice a day, with a rest on Sunday, they have a woman judge of the probate courts, Mrs. Mary H. Cooper, of Beloit, Mitchell county.

Ordinarily she would be of no more startling interest than as a living example of the sympathetic heart of the courageous Hoch, since he merely smashed all legal precedents because she was left without visible means of support by the death of her husband in office, and appointed her to the honors, the responsibilities and the salary of the departed.

But now, with Europe and America being worked up to fever heat over woman's fitness for the ballot, and with Mrs. Cooper the only woman judge on record, she leaps into international importance, as deciding in her person the crucial question:

"Has a woman any judgment?"

BEFORE you read the kind of judge she has made, stop for a moment, ladies, and ask yourselves: "Wherein, if you were on the bench, would you make your record?"

Murder sentences? Oh, never! Tempering stern justice with gentle mercy? Oh, fine! But how about making a specialty of legal matchmaking, with peculiar fondness for elopements? Why, good gracious, that would never—

Sh! That's exactly what Mrs. Judge Cooper's doing this very minute, with a record behind her of seventy runaway pairs per year locked fast in marriage, and the chance before her that, some time or other, she may exercise her legal right to kiss the groom.

Mrs. Cooper was appointed to the office of probate judge by Governor Hoch in the spring of last year. Her husband had held the position; when, at his death, it was necessary to appoint a successor till the vacancy could be duly filled at the next election, Governor Hoch, deciding to do something unprecedented, gave the post to the widow.

That surprising woman, undaunted, waded in and in a short while had mastered the requirements of the office in such a manner as to attract the admiration of everybody.

In November the election came around, and Mrs. Cooper determined to see whether the people of her county approved enough to be judged by her on their own initiative.

She announced herself as a candidate for re-election. She had the satisfaction of carrying the office by a majority of 185, the greatest ever given any one in the county. President Hoch not excepted.

Mrs. Cooper very modestly takes little credit to



Mrs. (Judge) Mary H. Cooper

herself. She considers her exceptional vote a compliment to her husband, who was held in great respect throughout the community.

Although a judge, Mrs. Cooper shows that she has lost none of her feminine traits. To her the most pleasant part of the whole work is the issuing of marriage licenses and the performance of the ceremonies.

Judge Cooper is now getting by for the greater number of the marriages in Mitchell county, and if this state of affairs continues much longer the clergymen of that locality will have to look elsewhere for fees.

"I don't know exactly," Judge Cooper says, "how to account for the increase in marriages in my office.

It may be because I have attempted to get away from the hackneyed, machinelike ways in which the civil ceremony is usually performed. I attempt to make the service as impressive as I know how. Should a giggling pair come before me, they are severely reprimanded, and they are made to understand that being joined in wedlock is a most serious affair and not to be taken lightly.

"I also believe my service differs slightly from most of the others. For instance, I have eliminated the word 'obey' for the bride."

"I ask the groom if he will love, cherish and keep her until separated by death. The bride is asked practically the same thing. If either or both keep their promises, there is no need for the word 'obey.' If the bride does not love her husband, she will not obey him. She might pretend to obey him, but she will not obey in good faith."

Although it is customary for many clergymen and judges to kiss the bride after the ceremony, Mrs. Cooper has never yet exercised her prerogative by kissing the groom.

STICKS TO LEGAL FEES

"But," she says, "if some nervous, half-frightened-to-death youngster came to me and I thought a motherly kiss would ease his nerves, I might do it."

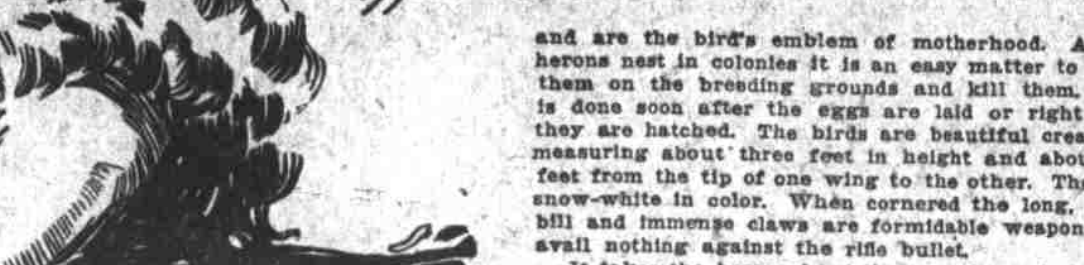
"At all events," there is one thing I want understood about me and this office. This judge accepts only the legal fee for the license or the ceremony. I presume there is nothing wrong in accepting additional money from the overzealous, love-saturated groom; but I believe that the law intends that I shall take no more than is set forth in the statutes."

"Recently a young man insisted that I keep an entire \$5 bill for issuing his license. I told him that I could not do it. Only the other day I married a pair, and the man handed me \$10 and insisted that I keep it all; but I had to refuse. Am I foolish? Maybe so; but that is the way I feel about it. So there."

This may explain Judge Cooper's popularity among the young folks, at least.

At any rate, judging from the many words of praise accorded Mrs. Cooper for the businesslike way in which she conducts her office, it appears that she will remain where she is until she declines to run again. She is not ready to quit yet, she says, and at the next primary election she expects to have her name on the ballot.

After Trade Camp in Upper Canada



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